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The Most Distressing of Problems.

It might be easy to mistake the significance of the testimony in the Chicago white slave inquiry as to the relation between low pay and vice. No doubt thousands of girls employed on small wages in factories and great shops do go wrong because a life of immorality seems to promise more comfortable circumstances; and piteous indeed are such cases. But it does not follow that in the same cases the existence of a minimum wage of say $12 a week would have been a safeguard against temptation; or even that this is the prevailing consideration among those which fix the extent of the social evil.

Some of the employer witnesses testifying before the Illinois legislative committee expressed the opinion that there was practically no connection between low pay and immorality, and that prostitution is as likely to come to a woman who earns over $10 as to one who earns less. It is a question of individual character and home environment. And it is proper to remember always that in the vast majority of cases where very low pay for honest but utterly unskilled work seems to be the main impulse toward more largely paid shame the recipients of less than living wages are not adrift and entirely self-dependent, but are living at home and contributing their little share to the family income.

They who are now earnestly seeking a solution of the most dreadful problem of modern civilization may well ask themselves this question: If the establishment of a minimum wage should result in depriving thousands of very young girls of the employment and partial self-support they now have, would the effect, on the whole, be to decrease or increase the recruiting of the underworld?

In investigations of this sort it is necessary to be not only compassionate of purpose but also dispassionate in estimating the relative value of facts.

The Ambassador to Great Britain.

A learned lawyer, an accomplished man of the world, a lover of outdoor sports, an American by long descent, well versed in the history of his country and familiar with British policies, Mr. RICHARD OLNEY, who is said to be President WILSON'S choice for Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, would worthily represent the United States if his age and health were no impediment.

The quality of Mr. OLNEY'S Americanism is robust, but it is discriminating and clear sighted. The quality of his Democracy is stalwart, but he has splendid flashes of independence. He was a Gold Democrat in 1896, and came out for Mr. BRYAN in 1900 with a letter that, while not laudatory of that candidate, was very helpful at the time. The new Secretary of State would doubtless like to see a Democrat so thoroughly equipped and so self-reliant as Mr. OLNEY established at the embassy in London. He would be very helpful to Mr. BRYAN, and President WILSON would not have to worry about the impression that Mr. OLNEY would make upon the British people from day to day. The Venezuelan episode, with which when he was Mr. CLEVELAND'S Secretary of State Mr. OLNEY had much to do, would not be remembered to his prejudice, but would be counted as proof of a vigorous patriotism.

Whether RICHARD OLNEY has been officially asked to serve as Ambassador to Great Britain, or, if he has been consulted, whether he can serve, surely he is the type of American that President WILSON should select.

Abuse of Medical Charity.

That the medical profession is called upon and actually does an enormous amount of charitable and altruistic work is matter of daily observation. It may not be regarded as an exaggerated statement to say that at least one-third of the average physician's labor goes for the benefit of the needy in the community. That not an inconsiderable portion of this sacrifice of time, labor and money is needless is evident from the ever recurring plaint against abuse of medical charity, the latest instance of which is recorded in THE SUN of March 4. Two columns are devoted to the recital of "The Doctors' Fight Against Charity Abuses." These abuses have become endemic, that is they recur in more or less cyclical periods. As on this last occasion, there is usually a serious demonstration and exposé of the evil, indignation is expressed, resolutions are passed and great results are anticipated from them. Then the hubbub subsides, the dispensaries that have offended continue to be crowded with people obtaining cheap medicines prescribed by unpaid physicians, while many of the patients are in better financial condition than some of the young struggling doctors who treat them.

The recent action of the County Medical Society indicates as the only hope that the loss of private patients due to dispensary abuses may be remedied by changing "the attitude of the public through education." That this is a fallacious idea is evident from the fact that there is "a proper attitude of the public" expressed in section 296, Chapter 55, Consolidated Laws of New York, which was enacted at the instance of physicians and for their protection fourteen years ago and which provides a fine and imprisonment "for false representation of any person applying for treatment at a licensed dispensary." What more can the public do? If blame there be it must be charged to those who are imposed upon, the physicians who have not displayed the necessary energy to enforce the law for their own protection against these dispensary sharks.

That many of the dispensary authorities feel little interest in this matter is not surprising. They are but human, they obtain the doctors' services free, they procure legacies, contributions and other privileges which enable them to conduct their work satisfactorily to themselves, and they do not feel called upon to employ detectives to discover impostors among the clients who pay for the medicines, thus remunerating them for the only outlay they incur. A more than academic interest on the part of the injured parties would result in the employment of detectives to bring the culprits to justice. The punishment of a few offenders would quickly abate the nuisance and abolish an evil that is detrimental to struggling practitioners and pauperizes many persons.

The Youngsters in Happyland.

An iconoclastic and severely statistical friend of THE SUN relieved his Christmas headache by writing a letter assailing the popularly treasured records of longevity and seriously questioning the authenticity of the many claims put forward in behalf of alleged centenarians. Our correspondent, Mr. S. P. FICKLEN of Washington, had asked the Census Bureau for proof of any person's living to 100 and had got no reply. He therefore discredited all such reports, and cynically demanded the "proofs," as if every old man and woman were a pole hunter.

As we value our fellows for their wit, virtue and beauty, rather than for their statistics, and as nobody ever grows old in this neighborhood, THE SUN made no effort to meet the demands of this doubting Thomas. His aspersions touched the honor of New England, however, and the Boston *Post* promptly took on itself the task of disproving his proposition that there were no centenarians. It called for volunteers to produce their certificates, and the New Englanders came splendidly to the front.

First and foremost among them was LUCY W. FULLER KEYES, daughter of EBENEZER and REBECKA FULLER, her birth in Brighton on December 7, 1812, being duly recorded in the town books kept in the Registry Department of Boston, to which Brighton was annexed in 1874. Mrs. FULLER lives now in the Baptist Home in Cambridge. The eldest of three children, her brother lived to 70 and her sister to 78. She remembers LAFAYETTE'S visit here when she was a dozen years old, many important political incidents, and the celebration of the establishment of the steam railroad between Boston and Worcester.

NEXT in order was Mrs. SARAH ROBIE WILSON, still living in Corinth, Vt., where she was born on April 4, 1812, the daughter of ICHABOD ROBIE. Mrs. WILSON has lived all her days, with the exception of one year, in Corinth, and still embroiders and makes lace. Her hundredth birthday was properly celebrated with a family party, and she showed the highest pride in her three daughters and one son, twenty-one grandchildren, eleven great-grandchildren, and a great-great-grandchild.

Mrs. ELVIRA BAILEY GANNETT of Scituate, Mass., produced the town records to substantiate her claim to birth on November 12, 1811. In her childhood she heard from their own lips the exploits of the women of Scituate who by beating a drum frightened away the British. She has ridden in a motor car, but she "considers the good old horse the safest and best means of travel." A shrewd and progressive citizen, she is a suffragette, sews without glasses and has no special scheme of prolonging life:

"I do not believe in dieting. I eat whatever I want, no matter what doctors say on the food subject."

Moreover, Mrs. GANNETT is not a slave to the things of yesterday. She has seen the fashionable dress of the women of to-day:

"I favor the hobble skirt and other modern styles. I think such costumes make women more attractive than they appeared in the olden days."

Consider the Rev. SEDGWICK WOODFORD BIDWELL, born in Starksboro, Vt., December 6, 1809, now resident in Middlebury, Vt., with his son. He boasts that he eats four meals a day and last year he officiated at a wedding and would accept as his fee nothing except one bushel of potatoes. In 1910 he preached a sermon which was widely published. He shaves himself, and recalls that as a Methodist preacher he has served in twenty-two towns in Vermont and New York, conducted 200 funerals and united 1,000 persons in marriage. One of his sons was killed in the civil war. His parents were CHESTER and CYNTHIA BIDWELL, among the first settlers of Starksborough.

In Lancaster, Mass., RICARD KIMBALL POWERS does light chores about his home every day, treasuring his birth certificate bearing date of November 26, 1810. He is the son of EPHRAIM and BETSY POWERS and was born in Sterling, Mass. He voted for HENRY CLAY in 1832, but eight years before he performed a public service with other boys picking stones from Redstone Hill road, in Sterling, in order that General LAFAYETTE'S coach might travel the faster and easier. He remembers the visit of the lamb to MARY SAWYER'S school on Redstone Hill, an incident immortalized in familiar poetry. He scorns the teachings of the Hon. ROBERT REED. He has smoked for eighty years, and this is his verdict:

"There is nothing injurious in the smoking habit."

"Lots of sleep and plenty of hearty food have been my rule through life, and to them I attribute the ripe age I have reached," says Mrs. CATHERINE BASSETT FISHER, daughter of MASSA and CATHERINE BASSETT, born January 2, 1812, at Eden, Vt. Her powers of observation developed early, for though only two years old at that time she distinctly heard the firing in the battle of Plattsburg. In 1833 she went to work in the mills in Walpole, and five years later she married LEWIS FISHER. Since 1838 she has lived in the house she now occupies, and from it she sent three sons to the civil war. In the face of this, shall we question too closely her reminiscences of Plattsburg?

If any curious person calls on Mrs. MARY SWETT FOWLER HODGDON in Wenham, Mass., he may find her knitting, and she may be induced to recite for him some of the poems she learned as a schoolgirl in Salisbury, Mass., where she was born on May 7, 1812, the daughter of DANIEL FOWLER and ANNA his wife. Among these poems are "The Match Seller" and "The Horse and Colt." Mrs. HODGDON has made tons of butter, but has never tasted it. Yet she does not attribute long life to this abstinence:

"I have no rules for a long life. In the old days I have worked until midnight for my family of sixteen and the next morning have arisen at sunrise. But I do not believe in late hours.

"I am of the opinion that if young people would spend more time at home than at dances, go to bed early and arise early, they would enjoy better health and extend the age limit of the average person.

"I am not in favor of women's suffrage. They belong in the homes and not at the polls."

On August 26, in the year 1806, a daughter, LOUISA, was born to JOHN R. and ISABEL WATERMAN in the old Waterman homestead at Warwick, R. I. The child's great-grandfather, BENONI WATERMAN, and her grandfather, JOHN WATERMAN, both held the rank of Colonel in the Continental army. LOUISA WATERMAN married EBENEZER CARPENTER, for years a bank examiner in Rhode Island. She lives to-day at 8 Boynton street, Worcester, her faculties are remarkably acute, and she takes pleasure in repeating tales of the Revolution told to her by her grandfather. She was the first child of her parents, who were married by SAMUEL LITTLEFIELD, "Eldr.," on November 3, 1805, that fact being recorded by "C. BRAYTON, T. Clk." of Warwick.

All of these eight longlived worthies have the public records of the town of his or her birth to back up the claim. The editor of the Boston *Post* has obtained the extracts from the documents, sworn to by their present custodians. There is no reason to impeach their correctness as records, and why should we doubt that the human organism is capable of outlasting a century? Is there magic in the completion of five score years? We consider the question answered. There are centenarians, and there will be others, in spite of the Census Bureau. May the discoveries of the *Post* flourish for years to come!

Browning and Tennyson on the Scrap Heap?

Pulsating enthusiasm, even a sort of inspired violence of speech, is an entirely proper and fitting attribute of a young poet; but why, one is tempted to ask, should ALFRED NOYES, who has crossed the Atlantic to talk to us about poetry, feel surprised and, one gathers, a little bit shocked to discover that we have not "relegated TENNYSON and BROWNING to the scrap heap"? They have done so in England, he tells us, for there "there is a national desire to seize the torch from the hands of our predecessors and belabor them over the head with it. There is also a tendency to throw away the torch altogether and go on our way tossing up colored crackers; to throw the torch of WORDSWORTH into the gutter and dance down to posterity in a blaze of Bengal lights."

That sounds almost like a description of a Futurist painting; it might even be read, if one did not know Mr. NOYES, as an expression of the destructive philosophy of Futurism. As a matter of fact it is probably just a little rhetorical flutter in which a young poet has a perfect right to indulge himself.

We cannot help thinking that in speaking of TENNYSON and BROWNING Mr. NOYES has been led by his enthusiasm into a little exaggeration, that England has not committed them to the scrap heap quite as remorselessly as he seems to suppose. If she has, then England is exceedingly ungrateful and we are glad to think that this country exhibits more respect for two exceedingly worthy poets.

Nevertheless there is no doubt that Mr. NOYES expresses a modern tendency from which TENNYSON particularly has suffered. We are apt to smile a little indulgently over the late laureate; from the lofty pinnacle of our twentieth century emancipation we look patronizingly down and explain that TENNYSON was "mid-Victorian"—that dreadful, damning word which at once conjures up a vista of crinolines and uncompromising furniture. We forget how ferociously modern TENNYSON was, how he plunged into the breach that divided poetry and life and again bridged the two. If KIPLING has set the beat of engines to music, it was TENNYSON who showed that engines and poetry are not incompatible; and if Mr. NOYES has a vision of a new religion of poetry expressive of the harmony of life, it is a vision not unlike that toward which TENNYSON groped in the stanzas of "In Memoriam" in an age when men were wondering whether the new discoveries of science had not sounded the death knell both of poetry and of religion.

As for BROWNING, in this country certainly he is as alive as ever he was, and we suspect that in England he is by no means relegated to the scrap heap. The time is passed when the vitality of BROWNING'S verse was in danger. He has survived the perilous period when societies dedicated to his study applied their misdirected efforts to holding post mortem examinations on his works, and mercifully men read him now, not as a cryptic oracle but as a very human poet who, for all his excursions into metaphysics, held up the torch of romance and sang the adventure of the soul at a time when people were doubting whether romance was any longer possible and whether they really had any souls.

The God Behind the Wicket.

The financial columns of our esteemed contemporary THE EVENING SUN enshrine a peculiarity of many savings bank tellers that has been noticed often and bitterly in the past and that seems ineradicable:

"The same man who found so depressing a reception to thrift at the postal savings window has savings accounts at two of the oldest savings banks in New York. It was rarely, he said, that he was treated with civility at either institution. Usually the clerks regarded him with an unveiled contempt or else a positive dislike. People less capable than himself of resenting impertinence were treated in much the same way as newly arrived immigrants on a New York street car. In one of the banks he saw a humble man, apparently a laborer, grilled with ridicule for ten minutes merely because he had the misfortune to be deaf. Now, the moral of all this, as the man himself remarked, has little to do with the incivility of particular clerks. It touches on the whole broad practice of saving. Few men save for the pleasure of it; it is easy to discourage reluctant resolution. But saving, as those observe who frequently hold up France for emulation, is a national habit from which much good may come, and the saving that is wanted in this country is not the kind that deprives the circulating medium of its real use by burying it under hearthstones and in mattresses, but that very kind which the interior officers of savings banks seem most desirous of discouraging. There ought to be a change."

To what is this acridity of some savings banks officers due? The qualifying "some" is necessary, for there are savings banks where the depositor or withdrawer is treated as courteously as if he were a banker, perhaps the highest of American professions in "respectability" and consideration.

First, the wicket, grille, the secluding fence between the institution and the proletariat. It creates a feeling of superiority, of "exclusiveness." Whether you buy a railroad or steamship ticket or try to buy a theatre ticket at the box office, you are too often impressed by the great man in charge with your inferiority. This is so all over the world, so far as we have had the fortune to see. We used to think that the uniform accounted for it in many of the foreign cases, including museum officials, but may it not be the dividing bar? The poor customer is "segregated."

In New York, especially in the case of the largest savings banks, the ignorance and the imperfect language of many of the foreign born—and most thrifty—depositors may have a good deal to do with the surliness or contempt of some of the tellers. You can notice every day the unconscious air of superiority, the contemptuous tolerance or intolerance, which an "American" speaking one language imperfectly vouchsafes to "foreigners" who speak more; "a certain condescension" on the part of natives.

But is anybody really alienated from savings banks by any seeming rudeness on the part of their lords, including the majestic beadle who herds the applicants? Is it not the best course to take happy refuge in an ironical and unfailing exaggerated courtesy, which seldom fails to disconcert and irritate the god behind the counter? Is it not, after all, a piece of luck to find a savings bank tyrant who can awe a depositor into keeping his money in?

Discord in the European concert of the Powers may be imminent. It would indeed be surprising if everything went smoothly after what has happened. Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Italy's seizure of Tripoli, the well timed assault of the Balkan allies upon Turkey and their swift triumph have rendered the treaty of Berlin obsolete, ambitions have been baffled and policies unsettled.

The Triple Alliance has lost prestige, the Triple Entente is stronger. The Serbs are in the ascendent and German influence has suffered a partial eclipse. Remaking the map of European Turkey is obviously an intricate problem and full of perils.

It was to be expected that the radical Democrats in the Senate would take the reins when they found themselves numerically stronger than the old line Democrats. But can Mr. KERN, who displaces Mr. MARTIN of Virginia as leader, manage the new team? The Hon. HOKE SMITH is already balky. His grievance is that his colleague, Senator BACON, should not have been pushed out of his honorable seat as president pro tempore. His successor, the Hon. JAMES P. CLARKE of Arkansas, endearingly known as "Old Cottontop," is a man of few words and much potentiality for war. The Democratic majority is so small that if there are too many of these Senatorial feuds party harmony will be blown sky high.

Suggestion.

Knicker—The Washington police didn't guard the suffrage parade.

Bocker—Then why not let the cops parade, guarded by the suffragists?

Reactionaries.

Knicker—Our young couples want to begin where their parents left off.

Bocker—And they will probably end where the old folks began.

A Defence.

Knicker—He scattered pearls before swine.

Bocker—Well aren't swine more intelligent than an oyster?

CONDITIONAL SALE CONTRACTS.

A Recent Decision of Judge Marcus of the New York Supreme Court.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: A recent opinion of Judge Marcus in the New York Supreme Court at Buffalo in the case of Plumiera vs. Bricka, referred to in THE SUN and given wide publicity in many newspapers throughout the country, is reported in full in the issue of the New York *Law Journal* for February 25. The decision does not hold, as seems to be generally understood, that the seller of goods under a contract of conditional sale must without qualification repay to the purchaser the instalments made by the latter if the seller retakes the goods. On the contrary, if the seller comply with the provisions of sections 65-67 of the New York personal property law he may resell the goods retaken by him and is liable to pay back only the amount of the proceeds on resale in excess of the amount remaining unpaid, if there be any excess. The purchaser may recover the instalments paid by him only in case the property is not sold upon notice at public sale within sixty days after the retaking, during the first half of which period the purchaser may pay the balance due and redeem the property.

Judge Marcus held that although the conditional contract of sale assumed to authorize a public or private sale at the option of the sellers and to waive notice thereof, the purchaser had not waived his right to a sale of the goods, and that as it did not appear that the goods were ever sold or that any account or report had been rendered, the purchaser could recover back the instalments actually paid by him on account of the purchase price.

In a case decided by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in the Third Department December, 1912 (reported in 139 N. Y. Supp., 587), it was expressly held that a waiver of these statutory provisions was void as against public policy.

JOSEPH A. ARNOLD.

NEW YORK, March 7.

WHY NOT LINCOLN?

Approval of a Proposal to Change the Name of New Mexico.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: The Santa Fé *New Mexican* quotes an excellent suggestion from the Dayton, Ohio, *Journal*, proposing that the name of the new State, New Mexico, be changed to that of Lincoln in honor of the Great Emancipator.

The Dayton *Journal* rightly says that the name New Mexico is not at all distinctive, and that it might just as well be applied to Arizona, Colorado or California as to New Mexico. The fact may be recalled that Arizona, New Mexico, California and Colorado west of the Rockies were ceded to the United States by Mexico under the terms of the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo.

The State in which I reside was named in honor of the father of this country. Its people are very patriotic. The name of their State seems to play no small part in creating this patriotic feeling. The case would doubtless be the same with New Mexico. The name Mexico, in the light of present day happenings and revelations, is not a cognomen to be particularly proud of. Give New Mexico the honored title of Lincoln and you will witness a corresponding increase in the pride and patriotism of the State's inhabitants and a new era in the development of its resources. Despite the authority of Shakespeare, there is everything in a name. WASHINGTONIAN.

SEATTLE, Wash., March 2.

ANCESTRY OF WOODROW WILSON.

No Scotch Blood in Him, According to a Protesting Genealogist.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: The ancestry of our Presidents is always a matter of general interest, but it is desirable that it should be given with accuracy and that the proof be adequate. In THE SUN of March 6 appears an article, copied from the *Atlantic Monthly*, relating to President Wilson, in which appears the following sentence:

Not that he lacks fighting blood (there is too much of the Covenanter in him for that), or obstinacy, prime heritage of the Scots; but to him fighting, like the rest of life, is a serious thing.

Is this another attempt to convert Irish blood into Scotch? Can any reader of THE SUN name a single one of Woodrow Wilson's ancestors who was a genuine Scotchman? A leading Cincinnati newspaper contains the following item:

President Wilson is the twenty-eighth President of the United States, is the eighth President born in Virginia, is the second Princeton graduate to become President, is the seventh President of Scotch-Irish descent.

Here we have him a Scotch-Irishman, whatever that may be. GENEALOGIST.

FRANKLIN, Pa., March 6.

The Proper Resentment of a Naturalist.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: I see by a late issue of THE SUN that those terrible Pennsylvania wildcats are getting obstreperous again, as one of them repeatedly attacked a farmer with felonious intent. I wish we could get an affidavit of the fact, as it would be the very first case since the world began of a wildcat attacking a man without the most serious provocation, and it would thus be a valuable contribution to natural history.

Also that story about the Vermont "hedgehogs" is a wonder! It is particularly interesting as the first case of a hedgehog in North America outside of a zoo. No doubt the writer meant porcupine and the picture he draws of the little beast refusing good bark in order to feed exclusively on clover is only less touching than the one in which he shows "porky" dreaming about clover "all winter in his long hibernation." There is only one thing the matter with the picture—the porcupine doesn't hibernate!

UNCLE NED BUCKSHAW.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S., March 6.

Concerning the Marines.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: In THE SUN of to-day "American Citizen" very properly criticises some defects in the troops taking part in the inaugural parade, but highly praises the appearance and marching of the marines. As a matter of fact, other than the Marine Band there was not a single marine in the procession.

His praise of Generals Wood and Wotherspoon is deserved, but even the latter's closest friends would never dream of calling him the Field Marshal Roberts of the United States army! REGULAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 7.

According to the *Army and Navy Journal*, there was a whole regiment of marines in the parade. Colonel Joseph H. Pendleton was in command; and with a body of seamen, led by Commander Newton A. McCully, it formed the third brigade of the first division.

The Distressed Poet Finds But to Lose Again Money Lost in a Graveyard.

Here in the silent city of the dead,
Thin snow dust flying
Through sibilant bare branches overhead,
I found it lying
When, like an old man derelict abed,
The year was dying.

In all that wilderness of brown and white
As day was going,
Outborne upon the billowed front of night,
The waif winds' blowing
Revealed it, single isle of green in sight
And scantly showing.

It danced and dallied on the airy wave,
This lone, unlyric
Lost atom wafted from some pocket cave,
With motions Pyrrhic—
Then caught upon a bush beside a grave.
Oh, fate satiric!

I, fortune's football, hailed it: "Warmth and bread
Destiny's shaper!"
And reached—like some live thing it fled,
On breeze a-caper;
Lost in the silent city of the dead,
Waste bit of paper!

OWEN TERRY.

TOO MUCH "SLOGAN."

Surgical Treatment of an Overworked and Misused Noun.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: The good Gaelic word "slogan" is being overworked. I shall presently attempt to verify this statement by giving a few out of many instances that I have recently noted.

The meaning of the word "slogan," as given in an early edition of Webster's Dictionary, and credited to Walter Scott, is "the war cry or gathering word of a Highland clan in Scotland." Later dictionaries amplify this definition to cover a rallying cry and a college cry. This somewhat enlarged meaning, however, scarcely warrants the employment of the word in the sense of a motto, a legend, an adage or a catch word, to which use it is now daily subjected in books, magazines, newspapers and advertisements. For example, this from a tailor's advertisement:

My slogan is: "Just leave it to me. I'll do what is right."

In a dentist's advertisement:

Our slogan is: "Teeth without plates."

In other advertisements:

Our slogan is: "Best goods at lowest prices."

The slogan used by telephone companies is:

The telegraph is quick, but the telephone is quicker.

From a biography of a noted electrician:

Cheap telegraphy being the slogan at the time.

From the speech of a City Father:

Our slogan is: "Let Jersey City prosper."

From an address by a diffident young speaker:

I believe in the slogan: "Young people should be seen, not heard."

From a letter in THE SUN:

Were I either a publicist or a moralist my slogan would be: "A subway service without slugging: Place aux dames."

This from another daily newspaper:

The slogan is: "Take your time. Watch your steps."

Again these:

His personal slogan is: "Don't pay for what you don't get."

"Compel men to work" is women's slogan.

"Efficiency" is the new slogan in business.

"Back to the farm" is the slogan all over the land.

"Sign the contracts" is the slogan.

In still another newspaper an item is headed:

Slogans for the cities.

Among these slogans are

Topeka, Kan. Topeka will.

Mott is the spot.

You for Utica.

And so on almost without limit. But perhaps the climax of the more or less general misuse of the word within my observation was recently reached in the following delightful headline:

Slogans for Peace Voiced from Pulpits.

An instance of a proper use of the word to my mind occurs in the Scottish ballad "Jessie's Dream," depicting the relief of Lucknow, in which she cries:

'Tis the wild Macgregor's slogan!

Perhaps the extensive and varied use of this word as indicated in the foregoing instances implies the need of a short word with a meaning wide enough to include catch words, mottoes, legends, rallying cries, &c., but I doubt it. It is more likely due to—well, carelessness. In the latter case, can anything be done to induce more discrimination in the use of the word in question, and what?

In the meantime will some of your readers give us examples of real battle cries or slogans of history, modern and ancient, like the "Scotland forever" of the Scots Greys and "Remember the Maine"?

WILLIAM MAYER.

NEW YORK, March 8.

A Pompton Critic of President Wilson's Literary Style.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: In view of the fact that the President of the United States when he speaks or when he writes can command a greater audience than any other man, perhaps, in the world, it is a pity that President Wilson has cut himself off from nine-tenths of the people. His vague, involved, Henry James style must completely baffle the plain citizen. To be sure, his elegant literary felicity and clever phrase coining amuse the elect and evidently please many of the high browed editors of the country; but what the people want is facts stated in good straight English. I doubt if the President, accustomed to obscure usage, could if he tried express a simple thought in a simple way.

The inaugural speech in short, as far as I can make out, after extracting the generalities, means that things have been very, very bad, are still very bad, and are undoubtedly going to be made good by Woodrow Wilson. I for one, and I am sure hundreds of the sands of other Republicans, hope that the President may have his wish fulfilled.

If the President takes delight in conceiving difficult phrases I am sure he must be eternally self-complacent, because I doubt very much if there is another public man in the country talking over the heads of as many people as the present Chief Executive of this nation. NOT SURPRISED.

POMPTON LAKES, N. J., March 8.

Some Woman Suffragist Leaders Taken to Task.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: The outrages inflicted on the suffragists in Washington are inexcusable, but not incomprehensible. Have not some of the leaders of the woman suffrage movement in New York done everything in their power to cheapen, degrade and make contemptible the women who want to vote? As one who approves every form of dignified and honest protest, I must say my allegiance to the cause is shaken when I hear of scatterbrained women dancing barefooted on the Treasury steps and read day by day of apelike antics that have no conceivable bearing on woman suffrage and even betray ignorance of the first principles of advertising. WILLIAM FLEMMINGWAY.

NEW YORK, March 7.

Builders.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: For several months the city authorities have permitted people constructing an apartment house on the corner of West End avenue and Eighty-fifth street to pile up the sidewalks so that they are impassable; also to fill up the streets with steam engines from which the steam exhausted from early in the morning, before most people are up, until late at night when they should be asleep, makes so much noise that life in this neighborhood is miserable. I hope that the proper authorities will see this and do their duty.

NEW YORK, March 7. R. H. EWELL.

Present Day Poetry.

Inspired by the statement attributed to a visiting British bard that Tennyson and Browning were long since sent to the scrap heap in England.

"Poeta nascitur, non fit"—
Thus Horace. Though a well of wit,
How wrong his theory.
The bards endowed with the divine
Afflatus, fired with frenzy fine,
Now leave us weary.

Browning and Tennyson are not;
The stuff they wrote has gone to pot—
Mere air and gases.
The splendor falls from castle walls,
The garden Maud no longer calls
And Pippa passes.

The sonnet now is out of date,
Hexameters disintegrate,
By dactyls haunted.
Something amorphous, formless, void,
By rhyme and reason quite uncloyed,
Is what is wanted.

For instance, if of early spring
Or any other current thing,
You'd pipe your lay now,
Do it in manner outré, bold;
Let readers see your thought untold
In what you say now.

Be certain that on no account
You sip at the Pierian fount,
Lest learning fetter.
And if you fail the full intent
To grasp of thoughts you vaguely vent,
So much the better.

MAURICE MORRIS.

SUNDRY BILL VETO APPROVED BY WILSON

Exemption of Unions From Sherman Law Is Not Considered Justified.

TAFT CALLED IT VICIOUS

Democrats Hope President Will Rescind Order Affecting 30,000 4th Class Postmasters.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—It is probable that the exemption of labor unions and farmers' organizations from prosecution under the Sherman anti-trust act never will be put before President Wilson as a provision of the sundry civil appropriation bill.

The President's advisers believe Mr. Wilson's attitude toward this legislation attached to an appropriation bill will practically coincide with that of Mr. Taft, who vetoed the measure and declared it to be "vicious class legislation."

Mr. Wilson is believed to oppose such exemption on the ground that it is unjustifiable and because legislation attached to supply bills does not appeal to him.

It is expected now that the President's attitude will be impressed on Congress before the sundry civil bill is reached in the extra session.

The Executive order issued by President Taft last October classifying into the civil service 30,000 fourth class postmasters, which has been assailed by the Democratic members of Congress, who disliked to see so much Federal pie withdrawn from reach, has not yet been broached to President Wilson. The Representatives, as much as they would like to see the order rescinded and have the 30,000 offices back on the pie counter, are timorous about bringing the matter up to the President.

The President's intimates know that no appeal for the withdrawal of the order based solely on patronage cupidity will influence him. An argument which is based on the proposition that the order is not in accordance with the spirit of the civil service law may be, it is believed, more formidable eventually. These persons declare that the transfer of 30,000 political officeholders, who were appointed largely on partisan considerations, into the civil service is not calculated to better the personnel of the service.

Those who use this argument declare that they have not thought of asking the President to rescind the order and to place the fourth class appointments on the old political footing. It is their desire that the President issue an Executive order declaring all the offices vacant and ordering them to be filled by civil service examinations.

The first reference to the question of Philippine independence made by a caller on Mr. Wilson since the beginning of the Administration came to-day when Manuel Quezon, resident Philippine Commissioner, called to pay his respects and to leave a cablegram of felicitations from the Speaker of the Philippine Assembly. After greeting the President he said:

"The Filipinos confidently expect that during your Administration some decisive steps will be taken toward their freedom and independence."

In the afternoon the President received the members of the Supreme Court in the Blue Room. The reception was brief and cheery. Four years ago when Mr. Taft received the court for the first time of his administration he was uncertain as to whether he should leave first or wait for the members to arise and announce their intention to depart. He prolonged the interview for an hour and a chat that began pleasantly became exceedingly stiff. Finally the President and the Justices arose together and said their good-bys. Mr. Taft laughed heartily at the incident when the formality was explained to him, and Mr. Wilson has now profited by the Taft experience.

Mr. Wilson also received in the Blue Room the special mission from Guatemala, which wished to present its credentials.

Among the other callers to-day were Senators Pomerene and Randell, ex-Representative Pujo, chairman of the money trust committee of the last Congress Chairman Moon of the Post Office and Post Roads Committee of the House, National Committeeman Coltra of Missouri, Col. E. M. House and Representatives Hamill and Baker.

TRUSTS FROM THREE ANGLES.

Control of Combines Discussed at the Republican Club.

Representatives of the Republican, Democratic and Progressive parties discussed yesterday "Federal or State Control of Corporations and Trusts" at the Republican Club, 54 West Fortieth street. The speakers were James R. Garfield, Secretary of Commerce and Labor under President Roosevelt; Robert B. Reed, who drew the Williams bill which has been indorsed by the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, and Prof. John B. Clark of Columbia University.

Mr. Garfield said that the point of view of business men in regard to governmental regulation of business has undergone a decided change in the last ten years. To-day the question is not one of legal right but of expediency: "How shall investigation be carried on so as to cause the least possible injury and the greatest possible good to legitimate business?"

The solution to this question, Mr. Garfield thought, could come only through the recognition by business interests of their obligations to society. "Congress cannot make good laws affecting business," he said, "unless it knows the facts that underlie business conditions. The leaders of big business are the only ones who can supply these facts. If they withhold them Congress will undoubtedly pass inefficient and often unfair, regulations. The work accomplished by the present Congress will be wise or unwise in degree as business men aid or oppose the legislators in their work."

Prof. Clark, who introduced himself as "an out and out Republican of strong progressive leanings who voted for Wilson," said that "The enforcement of the Sherman law affords a good introduction to what ought to be and what probably will be the permanent policy of the Government." The Progressive programme, he said, appears to have involved a surrender to the principle of monopoly. It would allow monopolies to exist and would regulate the prices of their products. That would be a task impossible for an interstate Commerce Commission composed of men as wise as Solomon, as honest as Aristides and as good economists as Adam Smith.

Charting Approaches to Canal.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—The naval hydrographic office will soon prepare a large scale chart showing the approaches to the Panama Canal on both the Atlantic and Pacific sides.